Is torne from forth that prettie hollow cage,
VVhere like a sweete melodious bird it sung,
Sweete varied notes inchaunting euerie eare.
Lucius. Oh say thou for her, who hath done this deed?
Marcus. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide her selfe, as doth the Deare
That hath receaude some vnrecuring wound.
Titus. It was my Deare, and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more than had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one vpon a rocke,
Inuirond with a wildernes of sea,
VVho markes the waxing tide, grow waue by waue,
Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
VVill in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone,
Here stands my other sonne a banisht man,
And here my brother weeping at my woes:
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne
Is deare *Lauinia*, dearer than my soule.
Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me: what shall I doo,
Now I behold thy liuelie bodie so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martred thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemnde, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, Ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her,
VVhen I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honie dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered. (husband,
Marcus. Perchance shee weepes because they kild her
Perchance, because shee knowes them innocent.
Titus. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Because the Law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doo so fowle a deede,

VVitnes

VVitnes the sorrow that their sister makes
Gentle *Lauinia*, let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signe how I may doe thee ea
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Luc*
And thou, and I, sit round about some Foun
Looking all downewards to behold our ch
How they are staind like meadowes yet not
VVith mierie slime left on them by a flood
And in the fountaine shall wee gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearer
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues? and in dumbe
Passe the remainder of our hatefull daies?
VVhat shall we doe? Let vs that haue our to
Plot some deuise of further miserie,
To make vs wonderd at in time to come.
Lucius. Sweete father cease your teares, fo
See how my wretched sister sobs and weepe
Marcus. Patience deare niece, good *Titus*
Titus. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother we
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man, hast drownd it with thi
Lucius. Ah my *Lauinia*, I will wipe thy che
Titus. Marke *Marcus*, marke, I vnderstan
Had shee a tongue to speake, now would sh
That to her Brother, which I said to thee.
His napking with her true teares all bewet,
Can doe no seruice on her sorrowfull cheek
Oh what a simpathie of woe is this,
As farre from helpe, as Lymbo is from blisse.

Enter Aron *the* Moore *alone.*

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, My Lord th
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy so
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy selfe olde *Titus*,